

Novus Reformator Vapulans :
OR, THE
Welch Levite
Tossed in a
BLANKET.
IN A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
Hick-- of Colchester, David J--nes
AND THE
Ghost of Will. Pryn.

*Quid immerentes hospites vexas Canis
Ignavus adversum Lupos ?
Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum petis ?*

Hor.

LONDON: Printed for the Assigns of Will. Pryn, next
Door to the Devil. MDCXCI

New Reformer's
 OR THE
 Welch Letter
 Told in a
 BLANKET.
 IN A
 DIALOGUE
 BETWEEN
 Hick--of Colchester, County--me
 AND THE
 Shop of Bill. J. J. J.

This pamphlet is for the use of
 the poor, and is not to be
 sold for more than the
 price of the paper.

H. J.

LONDON: Printed for the Author of the Bill, near
 Door to the Press - M. DCC. X.

THE PREFACE.

IT was the celebrated Saying of a certain Dutch Minister at Rotterdam, That to drink *Mum* in a Morning was the same thing in effect, as to put on one's Night-cap in a Morning. The Gentleman's meaning, I suppose, was this, That *Mum* was an heavy, dull sort of a Liquor, that disposed People to be sleepy afterwards; and of this Nature, according to some Persons, are all stupid Treatises, and all insipid Pamphlets. To read a Page or two of 'em is literally and really all one with putting on one's Night-cap; they are true Opiates, and ought to visit the World at first in the very same place, in which they generally take their farewell of it, viz. In a Drugster's Shop. But I, that could read over the late famous Sermon of the Vicar of Bray, who, to his Honour be it spoken, still keeps up the Reputation of his Place, and does not in the least degenerate from the Noble Vertues of his great Predecessors; and what was a greater Tryal both of my Patience, and the strength of my Constitution, I that could read over Mr. Norris's Essay about the Vanity of Humane Learning, which he dedicates to a blind Lady, with *Ichabod*, the Answer to the *Vox Cleri*, the *Mundus Muliebris*, the *Weekly Observator*, the Rector of Exeter's Case penn'd by himself, the Latin Translation of Milton's *Paradise*, all the late Plays, and other numberless Compositions of the same Stamp and Dignity, and all this without the least inclination to take a Nap, thought my self secure from the ill influences of one single Sermon, tho' it were never so well stored with Opium, and therefore made no difficulty at all of giving it a perusal. What gave me the greater Curiosity to examine it at my leisure hours, was to see whether it deserved the mighty

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Character, that abundance of People about the Town were pleased to confer upon it. For to my own knowledge several persons commended it for a piece of great Eloquence and Ingenuity, that have not Sense enough to distinguish between the No-Language and No-Rhetoric of Baxter's Everlasting Rest, and the solid beautiful reasoning of the Whole Duty of Man. And again, it past universally in Dick's Coffee-House for a Discourse of great Piety and Sincerity, amongst an Herd of Men, who have no other way to shew their concern for the Protestant Religion, but by railing at the Priesthood all the World over; or their Zeal for the present Monarchy, but by perpetually asserting the Deposing Power; Men that without the greatest assurance imaginable can make no Pretensions either to Piety or Sincerity, and who before this time could never endure any Publique Harangue that was guilty of having two such unpalatable Ingredients in it.

One would indeed wonder, if he could condescend to wonder at any particular Passage in so strange an Author, to find so tedious and impertinent a Digression about Pluralities and Non-Residence, and other Clergy-sins, in a Sermon that was purely calculated for a City Auditor, and designed for another end; unless the Author was resolved before-hand to bilk his Text, viz. The discountenancing of Pride. A man that is altogether unacquainted with this Pindarick way of Preaching, would no more expect to find a long Catalogue of Levitical Enormities in a Discourse of that nature, than to meet a formal Harangue against Flattery in a Book of Heraldry, or a sober Reproof of Perjury in a Plot-mongers Narrative: Or lastly, a Caution against Simony in a White-Chappel Treatise. I remember I knew a certain frugal Gentleman some years ago, who was only Master of one Simile, and that serv'd him upon all occasions: So with him a Man smok'd like a Dragon, and drank like a Dragon, and eat like a Dragon; in fine, slept, walk'd, fought, rode, jok'd like a Dragon, and did every thing you can name like a Dragon. After the same manner there are several persons in the World of great Malice, but barren Inventions, that are tolerably well stored with one sort of Satyr and Inveective, and this they very judiciously apply to all Subjects, and use before all Companies, tho' for the most part it comes as ill-favour'dly and odly into the Discourse, as Charon and his Boat into Michael Angelo's Piece of the last Judgment. Our Author is one of this number. I dare engage (for the Reader must under-

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understand I am no Stranger either to his Person or Character) that if he were to preach before Civilians, Soldiers, Tarpawlines, Citizens or Courtiers, at the Temple, the Spittle, Wappin or Whitehall; nay, were it at a County Feast, or at the Head of a Drum, or an Alderman's Burial, this same Clamour about Pluralities and Non-residence would make up the better part of the Entertainment with him. He treats his Prelates with as little of his good Breeding as Jo. Hindmarsh does his Authors, and can no more forbear to rail at his Superiors, whenever they fall in his way, than a Barber at those Gentlemen that trim themselves by their own Looking-glasses; or the City Porters at the first Projector of the Penny-Post Office. This surly Brutal Principle is partly owing to the Sowerness of his Constitution, and has been since improved and advanced into an habit, by that just ill usage and universal Contempt that his own Arrogance and insupportable Temper have drawn down upon him.

I would not willingly be thought guilty of so much Impertinence, as to pretend to advise a Man of his invincible and steadfast Obstinacy; or otherwise I would counsel him, if ever he designs to plague the Book-seller with any more of his Productions, and withal would pass incognito, to lay aside his celebrated Talent of censuring and railing, for a while, and speak just as other Men do when they have a mind to appear in Publick: For this I can tell him for his comfort, he will be as effectually disguised in his Civility and good Manners, as an Assatian Bully is by washing his Face, and putting on a clean Cravat. Indeed, as he has order'd matters, I am afraid this Conduct will be somewhat too late for him to use in the Pulpit; he has drawn an heavy Rent-charge of Scandal and Railery upon himself, which now every body expects at his hands; and the Town will no more relish any of his Doctrine without a good lusty Invective against the Clergy to recommend it, than they'll endure to hear a Mountebank's tedious Cant, without the preceeding Diversion of a Farce, or a Man of Sense would do Penance in D---rty's Company without the Amends of his singing. His Shoals of Prentices, blew Aprons, and other Auditors of that Noble Figure are a severe sort of Task-masters; if they should ever hear that he has Apostatiz'd from Calumny, and suffer'd himself to be perverted and debauched into Civil Lan-

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guage, away they would go and abandon him for a Reprobate: Nay, if he should go about to disappoint, or rather to cheat 'em of never so little of their accusom'd portion in slander and backbitings, they would as certainly leave him, as they do the House, where they are denied a full-pot, and Eleemosynary Tobacco. For in short he has used them to this fulsom dyet, and now he is bound in honour to furnish his Table with it still, which I confess he can do at a cheaper rate than any of his Brethren; people go on purpose to hear him for the sake of that defamation and ribbaldry he constantly provides for them, as the Sparks of the other end of the Town visit B---rgesse's Coventicle to be diverted with tall Metaphors and everlasting Grimace, so that a Sermon of his would no more pass without the usual Ragoust of reviling and reproving, than a Smithfield Shew without a Ghost or a Devil; and if he has ever a mind to change his Stile, he must at the same time resolve to change his County.

The truth on't is, both the Author and his Sermon are of so low and inconsiderable a Character in the World, that if it were not for the two following Reasons I had never troubled my head either with the one, or the other. He is pleased to say pag. 8. of his Sermon, That to let a Man go unreprieved, in his Sins, is to flatter him: Now because I would not lie under the severe imputation of flattering our Author (for I had much rather the World should think me guilty of all the seven deadly Sins, than of that single scandal,) I was easily prevailed upon to give him a Chastisement, and that too in as publick a manner as his Crimes deserved. In the next place, he had unhappily, I can't tell how, deceived some ignorant people into a great opinion of his probity and learning, and I was resolved to undeceive them. If he seriously designs the discouraging of Vice, and the promoting of piety, why then does he amuse his Auditors with things that have no relation to 'em, say things that in all probability will render the rest of his Doctrin of no effect? or why does he busy himself in a province where he's no more concerned, than our present unweildy Elephant of a Laureat in any of the City Dancing-Schools? To pretend to reform Mens manners, and yet instruct 'em how to rail at their Pastors with a better grace, is as ill-contrived a piece of Stupidity, as to encourage a Boy in his Books, and yet at the same time to tell him that

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his Master is either a Rascal or a Blockhead. Will his mighty bellowing against Non-residence oblige the Tradesman to a closer attendance of his Shop, or make him visit the Tavern less? Will his condemning of Pluralities make the Chirurgeon leave prescribing of Physic, or deter the Shoemakers from invading the Corn-cutter's business, or fright the wicked Coffee-Man from dealing in Cherry-Brandy and Usquebagh? Will his arraigning the Clergy for removing from a poor to a rich Benefice, have that effect upon the Mercers, and Lace Men, as to keep 'em in the City, and hinder them from exchanging Pater-noster-row for the Piazza's in Covent-Garden? Or lastly, Will the perpetual reproaches that he bestows so liberally upon his Ecclesiastical Governors, persuade the Republican party to Sacrifice their Old seditious principles, and talk with more respect of a Monarchy for the future? And now after all, if he has no farther designs in his head, than to be advanced to the next vacant Curacy or Reader's place, since by his insufferable behaviour he has lost all his expectations elsewhere, I can only tell him he's exceedingly out in his Politics, and that he has taken as rude and unmannerly a course to get himself preferred, as the City Marshals by keeping a horrid noise with their damned Drums at people's doors, to make 'em remember their Christmass-Box. For my own part I must needs declare, that I look upon want of preferment to be the chief, if not the only reason of our Young Reformer's inveighing so zealously against the rest of his Brethren: Whatever the matter is, I could never entertain any great opinion of that Man's Sanctity, let his life be never so austere, and his pretences never so specious, that places the better part of his Religion in libelling and traducing his Superiours: Besides 'tis a true observation, that no one rails at Pluralities so strenuously, as he that cannot arrive to one single Benefice; as we see no Member of the House falls upon the Court party with that heat and vigour, as the Man that designs to be made a Minister of State for his pains: And 'tis an usual thing for those that are forced to trudge it a foot in the dirt, to wish the Devil had all those Persons that ride by in their Glass-coaches.

He quotes Aristotle's Rhetorick pag. the 17th, for that memorable saying of his, That Riches make Men haughty and insolent, (tho' it seems, Poverty has had the same Effects upon himself,

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himself) and thus a St. Bernard or a St. Austin's Name have been used in a Country Pulpit to prove that Patience is an excellent Vertue, or to justify any of the most common received, notorious Truths. But however with Reverence be it spoken, a Man that will give himself the trouble to read his Sermon, would no more suspect that he was acquainted with Aristotle's Rhetorick, than that Mr. H--rris or Mr. P--wel, or any of the Modern Play-writing Actors are acquainted with Aristotle's Criticisms upon Poetry. There's a continued vein of vicious Language and Reasoning that runs through all the Discourse; and were it not, that the whole Sermon from the beginning to the end is exactly of the same Piece and Contexture, I would cull out some of the most remarkable Passages in it for the Reader's Diversion as well as his farther Satisfaction. But now I think better on't, we were not to expect any such thing as Rhetorick from our Author, for pag 6. he very gravely rebukes all those Ministers that come to Church to make Speeches, and to preach Themselves, and turn the Church into a Theatre and the Pulpit into a Rostrum. We know well enough for whom this surly Reproof was meant, but for this once let it fall upon our Authors dearest Friends the Fanatick Divines, for I am certain they deserve it best. Those that now and then go to hear 'em, know that they make Speeches, and fine ones too, if the Hour-glass may be allowed to be Judge; and that they preach Themselves, especially towards the end of a Quarter, when the People are to be reminded of their Contribution-Mony, and that to Mr. Betterton's loss, by their severat ridiculous Postures and Actions they turn the Church into a Theatre; and where's the wonder? for their devout Forefathers used to turn 'em into Stables. I must confess, I am no passionate admirer of any formal set Discourses, where one meets a great deal of good Language, but very sorry Sense or Thought at the bottom; and yet I cannot endure to see a noble Subject labour under the weight of barbarous Expressions, nor can I possibly bring my self to be of the same opinion with the generality of the Non-conformist Ministers amongst us, who either out of ignorance or design lard their lean Sermons with the most fulsom Metaphors, and the meanest Words they can meet,

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or if they have none of these ready to their hands, make no more scruple of coining new ones of the same quality (such as Nothingness, Self-savingness, &c.) than the Modern Souldiery of stamping one of their Pewter Buttons into a Earthing. To think that the Christian Religion is profan'd by good Language, or that clean Eloquence in a Discourse of Piety is as insignificant as (if I may borrow a Simile from the Apocrypha) a Scarecrow is in a Garden of Cucumbers, is a gross ridiculous piece of Superstition; and can only be excused by the sottish Reveries of the Capuchins, and other doting Orders in the Church of Rome, who place the greatest part of their Devotion in being nasty and slovenly, and fancy they dishonour God Almighty by wearing a clean Shirt.

I have dwelt the longer upon our Author in the Preface, because I was resolved to allow him but a very small share in the Dialogue. His two Companions Mr. Pryn, and the blustering Theologue of Colchester, as they are too well known by their Works to put any one to the expence of writing their Characters, so they were persons of better Sense and Malice, and consequently more likely to entertain the Reader with their Conversation. When I was talking of the most memorable occurrences that lately happened, I could not forbear to enlarge a little about the Merits of the Comprehension, and when my Hand was in there, to bestow a visit upon my old Friend of White-Chappel. No sensible man I presume will be angry with me, if I have not treated him with that Respect and Decorum that ought to be used towards Persons of his Function and Station: For if this sort of Style is criminal, it must be remembered that he gave the occasion and that I have only copied from his Answer to the Vox Cleri. It would raise any Man's Indignation, that is not altogether composed of those two very bad Monosyllables, Phlegm and Schism, to find him there so barbarously insulting upon the Ashes of the late blessed Royal Martyr, and insinuating that the Immortal Portraiture is a spurious piece; but to our comfort be it observed, he has past the same Censure upon St. Ignatius's Epistles. In the same Book with his usual good Manners and Breeding he scurrilously reflects upon two as eminent Men as any we have in the Church, who are as
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much above his little *Invectives*, as they scorn the little *Tribute* of his *Panegyricks*. And he likewise abuses two other great *Ornaments* of our *Nation*, after another way, that is, with a great deal of his nauseous threadbare *Flattery*, in hope, I suppose, of being preferr'd by them. But this, in my Opinion, is the most scandalous, and if I may so call it, the most *Uncanonical Simony* any *Man* can be guilty of. For my own *Particular*, I must needs confess, That as *Augustus* was pleased to say of *K. Herod*, That he would rather chuse to be his *Hog* than his *Son*: So in relation to the above-mentioned *Dr.* I would rather chuse to be his *Adversary* than his *Friend*. As I was his *Adversary* I could only lie open to the feeble *Efforts* of his *Malice*, which can injure no body: But if I were so unfortunate as to be thought his *Friend*, I could not promise my self to be secure from his *Panegyricks*, which, as they may render a *Man's* *Reputation* suspected, so they are the most dreadful terrible things in the whole *World*.

If I have done any thing for which I am to beg the *Reader's* pardon, 'tis for suffering so inconsiderable a *Trifle* to sleep so long in my hands. Not to conceal any of my *Infirmities* from the *World*, I am sometimes possessed with the *Spirit* of *Laziness* as well as other *People*, especially when 'tis my fortune to light upon a dull *Subject*, and then I use to retard and delay the *Affair*, as naturally, as a *Lawyer* does an *unpaying Clients Cause*. But of all things in the *World* I should never desire to be forgiven for pursuing my *Argument* with too much *Severity*, if I had done it, as indeed I have not. For besides that some *Parties* as well as *Persons* I could name, deserve no *Quarter* at an *Enemies Hand*, so a weak impotent *Performance* is full as *inexcusable* in *Raillery*, as it is in the business of *Love*: And an *Adversary*, let his *Character* be what it will, is like a *Nettle*; if you touch him gently, he certainly pricks and stings you for your *Civility*; but if you squeeze him hard, 'tis ten to one you hear no more of him.

A DIALOGUE

B E T W E E N

Hick --- and David, and Pryn's Ghost.

BEES S me! Whereabouts am I? Have I mistaken my way or no? Well, I am resolved to enquire of the next Man I meet, that I may be satisfied. See, here one comes, but he's a *Leone*: I perceive by his garb, and they are a sort of People I never much fancied in all my Life, no more than the rest of my Profession: I'll venture however to accost him — Reverend Sir, your humble Servant. If your occasions are not very pressing, I would desire the favour of you to satisfy me in a certain scruple that troubles me.

And a very odd formal Fellow this! Satisfied you in a certain Scruple do you say? Come then, dispatch honest Friend as soon as you can! Dispatch I say, out of hand. For ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~will~~ ^{will} be soon relieved, there's no great difficulty in the question, I can assure you.

And then my Friend don't amuse me with any of your ~~difficulties~~ ^{difficulties}. I tell you my name is ~~Rick~~ ^{Rick} of Colchester, and therefore don't amuse me with any tedious, flourishes at your pen! If you have any Scruple about the Legality of the Spiritual Courts, why here's my ~~Naked Truth~~ ^{Naked Truth} for you I or if you still pre-tend any relation to the ~~Liturg~~ ^{Liturg}, then make use of any ~~reason~~ ^{reason} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~can~~ ^{can} ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~mind~~ ^{mind}.

Pryn. No, I thank you Sir, 'tis nothing of that nature — In short Sir, I wou'd only request you to inform me where I am, and what is the name of this place?

Hick. Sure this old fashion'd Gentleman designs to put a trick upon me, but I'll soon cure him of his jesting humor Why really honest Friend, this Question of yours, as you told me, carries no great difficulty with it; but what wou'd you say to me now, if I should give my self the trouble to beat you most immoderately, if I should pull you by your worshipful Nose, or bestow a perpetual Almanac upon you Bones, before I go?

Pryn. I deserve no such usage from your hands. Upon my Sincerity, Reverend Sir, I meant you no harm by my question. 'Tis not my way to impose upon any Man. I am really ignorant of the name of this place, and must once more desire you to tell me where I am. I find I must give my Levite good Words. 'Tis a huge thundring two handed Theologue. [*Aside.*

Hick. Stay, let me consider a little. By that sanctified Aspect, and formal Band he should be none of those persons that use to make sport with People in the Streets. 'Tis certainly some Scotch Minister or other that lost himself in a Vision last night, and is not yet recovered. — Well Sir, I believe your Intentions are honest; and that you had no design to Put the Doctor upon me, as the saying is. You must know then you are in London, but I profess I wonder in my heart how you could be ignorant of it? You are a Stranger to this City without question.

Pryn. No Sir; that is your mistake. I have a great deal of reason, I am sure, to remember it. I lived the better part of my Life in this place, and I can never reflect upon it without the most sensible concern in the World. If you were acquainted with my Name and History, you'd say the same.

Hick. Why this is stranger and stranger still. Cou'd you pass the better part of your life in this Town, and yet not know the Name of it? Not to use any Ceremony with you, Honest Friend, in my opinion you must be either drunk or mad, chuse which you please.

Pryn. Neither Sir, I am the Ghost of William Pryn, formerly Utter Barrister of *Lincoln's Inn* yonder, a Man that made no insignificant figure in the World. I presume a person of your years and gravity cannot be unacquainted with my Writings

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and Sufferings here: Judge you then, whether I have not reason enough to remember this City; only the new Buildings and strange Alterations every where so surprized me at first, that I could not positively determin where I was.

Hick. And are you the Ghost then of *William Pryn* of happy Memory? I profess I am ravished with joy to behold you. How can I ever thank my Stars sufficiently for furnishing me with so favourable an interview! Tho' I have some business of great moment and consequence that calls me to the other end of the Town, yet I am resolved to sacrifice it for this time to enjoy the happiness of your learned Conversation. — Well Mr. *Pryn*, I must needs own, you have reason enough in all conscience to remember this sinful wicked Town; Here, unless the Chronicle misinforms me, you lost a pair of Bars to the Indignation of a cruel persecuting Arch-Bishop: Here you encounter'd with Prelacy and Superstition, and here you erected an everlasting Trophy upon the demolished Abomination of high places. 'Tis impossible for me to tell you, what an exceeding pleasure I take in seeing you; and I am inclin'd to flatter my self, that my Company wou'd not be altogether disagreeable to you, if you were better acquainted with my Character.

Pryn. You'll extreamly oblige me, dear Sir, if you will be pleas'd to give me a relation of your Life. But may a Stranger make so bold as to request this favour at your hands?

Hick. As I told you before, *Hick* — is my Name, and *Colchester* is the place of my Habitation. I have in my time wrestled with a mighty Prelate as well as your self, and declaim'd as heartily against the Exactions of *Doctors Commons*, as ever you did against the illegal Oppressions of the *Star-Chamber*. 'Tis true, the Books I have wrote for the common cause are not as yet arriv'd to a Cart-load; but thengive me leave to tell you they are full as tuant, and as well stored with Invectives as any of yours. I have as great an Aversion to Episcopacy as your voluminous self, and never failed to bellow against the Ceremonies and Discipline of the Church as often as I had an opportunity to do it. Indeed as to the point of Sufferings, I must own my self inferior to you, tho' that was none of my fault. A short Imprisonment, a Suspension and the Formality of making a Recantation, (which I had the grace to disown the very next

moment) were the utmost of my punishment; but then as for a hearty, through-paced inclination to the Cause, I cannot prevail with my self to allow you the precedence.

Pryn. I am glad to meet with a Person of my own Complexion and Humour: But Sir, now we are here, between our selves, is it not unnatural and odd for a Man of the Indelible Character, to rail at his Brethren of the same Profession? Does it not sound ill in the World, for a Son of the Church, and one that gets his Bread by the Church, to rail openly at his Mother, and endeavour to undermine her Settlement? You know what the Satyrists long agoe observed, *Parci cognatis maculis similis fera*. Now as for my self, I was a Lawyer, and we Lawyers as all the World can tell you, could never set our Horses with the Clergy. We look upon you as a generation of Men, that have established a distinct interest from that of the Civil Government; for when ever you find any extremities from that quarter, you presently betake your selves to the Sanctuary of your Spiritual Kingdom. Besides, not to recount the Quarrels we have to your Civilians, and the Managers of your Ecclesiastical Thunder, we hate all your Tribe for spoiling so many good Law-Suits as you do; by Preaching up those old, rusty Doctrines of Love and Unity; and promoting so many References and Arbitrations amongst the People, to the grief and prejudice of all the poor Suffering Sons of God upon *Earth*.

Hick. I never expected such a Reprimand from Mr. *Pryn*. If you were but tolerably acquainted with my History, I am sure you would never Tax me with the guilt of propagating Peace and Unity in my Parish. Indeed if a Pious endeavour to set all Mankind together by the Ears, is the way to advance Peace and Unity in the World, I will willingly submit to all the scandal of your imputation. But is it possible Mr. *Pryn*, that you are so far altered from what you were formerly, as to reproach me with following your own Copy, that is, with railing at the Discipline and Ceremonies of the Church; and siding with the Fanatrick Party?

Pryn. No, No, Herock Sir, you have quite mistaken my meaning; I only made bold to tell you, that it looks a little unnatural methinks, to see a Clergyman expose the miscarriages of

of the Men of his own order; but at the same time I was very far from quarrelling with you in the least upon that score. You may take my word; (and you have no reason to think that any of the Dead would be guilty of Flattery) that I heartily care and thank you for the good Services you have done us; for I was always of Opinion, that there is no way so effectual to ruin the Church, as by engaging some of her own Members to carry on the Design.

Think You say right, tis indeed the surest way in the World to bring about such an undertaking; for when any of the Lusty bestow their Invektives very liberally upon the Church; the People are apt to suspect that Devotion and Honesty have a very little share in the matter; but that either a Principle of Malice, or some particular pique or other has imbitter'd them against the Clergy. But now tis a different case with those of my Faction; if we reproach our Brethren with their Ignorance, we purchase our selves the Reputation of Learned, Able Men; if we accuse 'em of a Persecuting Spirit, we are presently extolled for Persons of Moderation; if we rail at them for their Immoralities, O what a sober Primitive Minister is this, though perhaps he takes off his hat Dozen Bottles of Claret before he goes to Bed. If we keep a great Posture about Pluralities and Non-residence, why here's a true Labourer in the Vineyard for you; and if we tell our People that Ceremonies are but Foolish, impertinent things, and meer Human Inventions, the Congregation immediately cries us up for Pastors that have the Power of Godliness; and are disengaged from all the prejudices of Superstition and Will-worship.

Pray I find, Dear Sir, you are not to learn your Trade from me; you are infinitely above any of my poor instructions.

Think 'Tis true, the discerning part of Mankind, are too wise to be sham'd after this rate; they are sensible enough, that 'tis either want of Preferment, or some private grudge that makes us take up the Cudgels against our Brethren; but then their Number is too small, and consequently too contemptible to be regarded; and you know 'tis our Business to gain the Hearts of the Mob, and not to angle for Wise Men.

I am sure I have abundantly found the benefit of this Conduct; the People every where take me for an Oracle, and what is ten times more surprizing, they are such invincible Fools, as to cheat themselves into a belief of my great Zeal and Sincerity. Thus I have so far compassed my Designs, that the Church is generally disrespected for my sake; and that, I need not tell you, is no small advance towards its Ruin. At the same time I am obliged to tell you, that I received no inconsiderable assistance in this affair, from a sort of Men who are stiled in the Modern Language, Sons of Comprehension; who if they had been permitted to have pursued the Reformation they designed, had certainly ruin'd the Established Church, which thing you know the Dissenters have been zealously driving at all this last Century.

Pryn. Sons of Comprehension do you say? I can't imagine what you mean by the word. Is it then a spick and span new Faction in the State, or an old one newly furbish'd up? What do these Men design, or to what Church do they pretend to belong?

Hick. Why truly honest Mr. *Pryn*, they all of 'em give out that they are Zealous Members of the Established Church; and yet no Men ever contributed more to the Ruin and Destruction of it than they have done. Their business in short was this; to remove some of those Ceremonies that were Eye-fores to the Brethren ever since the Reformation; to castrate the Liturgy; to abdicate the Apocrypha; to enervate the Ecclesiastical Discipline; to reduce Episcopal Jurisdiction into narrower Bounds, and extend that of the Inferior Presbyters: In fine, to leave it to the Discretion of the Minister, to read as few or as many of the publick Prayers as he should judge convenient.

Pryn. Well, I find Miracles are not ceas'd amongst you here in this World; but who could ever imagine that any of those Gentlemen, who some Years agoe defended every Ceremony of the Church with so much Pains and Zeal against the Attaques of their Adversaries, should be so strangely altered on the sudden, as to part with them freely, and thereby give an occasion to the ill-natured World, to conclude that

that they were all this while in the wrong, and their Enemies in the right?

Hick. Nay, I cannot forbear Laughing, as often as I think of the Conciit: Some of 'em were well-meaning Men, and hoped by these Alterations to bring over the most considerable part of the Dissenters to Church. Others found their interest in this Conduct; for since the late Revolution, the Court, you must understand, seem'd to favour those Persons who were for advancing the Comprehension. Lastly, others (in which number I reckon my self,) were willing to be revenged of the Church for its ill-usage of 'em formerly, and now had as favourable an opportunity as Men could possibly wish, to effect their Design. Thus you see that Indiscretion in some, Ambition in others; but in the most aspirit of Malice or Revenge, promoted the affair. It would take up too much time to tell you with what intreague and vigour this Blessed work, as 'twas commonly called, was recommended to the pious care of the Convocation that was conven'd for this purpose. One County petition'd to have *Tobias's* Dog lashed out of the Church; another presented their Grievance against *Bell* and the *Dragon*. Some were earnest to have the *Athanasian* Creed discarded; some were for Purging the Service of Matrimony from Obsecration; others desired to have a new Set of Collects, because the old ones were worn Thread-bare with continual wearing; some thought the Prayers too tedious, others thought them too short. One quarrell'd at the Cross in Baptism; a Second found the down-right Conjuring in the Litany; a third made his exceptions at Kneeling at the Sacrament. Nay, rather than stand out, some were willing to play at such small Game, as to pick Fables with the Calendar; and so desired to have *St. George* and the rest of his Dragging useles Brethren turned out of their Freehold there.

Pr. And this very surprizing; I confess, what you have told me, of all this.

Hick. All this while Comprehension was the word in City and Country. Comprehension was still the burden of the Song in Taverns; and Comprehension fill'd up all the Idle, Impertinent Conversation at the Coffee-Houses; 'twas almost as bad as Treason to speak the least ill word of the Comprehension. Nay would

would you believe it? the very Butchers on the other side Aldgate had got the word amongst them, and made excellent sport with it; if they happen'd to meet with a furly, morose, ill-bred sort of an Ox, that was not over-forward to have any Alterations made in his Body, or to let a Reforming Knife strip him of his Ceremonious Hide, knock him down, Cryed the whole Fraternity of 'em, I dash out his Brains, cut his Throat there; this is Prelatical: Only he won't suffer himself to be comprehended in a Halter.

Pray, If I were not a Ghost now, in spite of my gravity and the severity of my temper, I could half kill my self with Laughing at these Stories.

to **kick**, I remember I was once, at a Merry Meeting at White-Chappel, where you are to know this same buffets of the Comprehension very was zealously fit on foot; and the Master of the House who gave us the entertainment, represented the whole Mystery of the Comprehension in a Bowl of Punch. VIRGINIO.

Prayer have frequently conversed with some *Diosd* Divines in the other World, who were often talking of the great Victory of Plants and for as not valuing of his singular services. Comprehension of that singular duty prayer in some how it is possible to represent the Comprehension in it.

I promised you a bowl of Punch which shall make some of
 you as our Doctor has, in point that you will be a good person
 hence, may be a little different to the same as by the same party
 take notice of the following Propositions in a *Journal* of the
 Hall of the poor *Religious* Church of *England* and *Wales*, as well
 active; modifying (I think) the Lord's Prayer and good for
 thing of itself, still there's an Union or Alliance made between
 it, and some other noble differences in ingredients. I need this,
 do ye mind me Gentlemen, I pour one *Mill* of gold,
 that ye depend on I judge; and if you will add one pound
 of Superfine Addressing *Pennsylvanian* Sugar. Now, says he, lend
 me the *Stew of Election* and the *Buttle of Accommodation*, and
 you shall see what a noble *Stew* I have made you. *Country*
 of *Virginia* where he made *Lexington* and *Independence*, he build
 of these *Bowls* some *new* in *that* *which* *will* *be* *the* *best* *of* *the* *world*.
 I had no more to say of his Trade, he took to look the

HOW

Hick-

Hick. A Pox on't, crys our Friend, this Foolish, Insignificant Church of *England* Water is too strong as yet for the Independent Lime-Juice, and the *Pennsylvanian* Sugar; and therefore to correct, or rather to destroy the unpalatable relish of it for all intents and purposes; I must, says he, according to our Learned Doctor's Method, pour in Two Quarts of Lusty and Potent Presbyterian Brandy. Now give me, continues he, yonder well-grown Anabaptist Tost, a Tost of Years and Discretion, a Tost that can answer for himself, and so forth. But first of all, let us gently rub him over with the Nutmeg of Affability, and then dip him over Head and Ears in this Regenerating Liquor. 'Tis done Gentlemen, the Town's our own; but Lord (crys he) how it rejoyses my Heart to see how this Powerful Presbyterian Brandy Insults and Rides upon the poor Passive Hierarchical Water! Pray Gentlemen, come and see this goodly Sight, quickly, quickly, here; so we all peep'd into the Bowl, and Laugh'd till we were ready to burst our Hoops asunder with the Conceit.

Pray. Nay, I cannot discommend you for it; 'twas a Scent of Mirth enough to divert the most heavy Phlegmatick Creature in the World.

Hick. As a certain Spark in the Room very well observed, we only wanted a Consort of the sweet Singers of *Israel*, to have sung some Spiritual Latitudinarian Hymn or other, to the Tune of *the Gods and the Goddeses*, and our Entertainment had been Compleat; but we supplied that defect in a manner by the choiceness of our Healths; for first we drank a good Health to the Scotch Covenant; then we remembered our Friends of *Amsterdam*, and all our Trusty Fellow-Labourers near the Lake *Lemay*. After this we made a step to the other side of the Globe, and there visited the poor Churches in *New England*. Lastly, we concluded all with Health, Wealth and Prosperity to all the Sons of Comprehension, and all the Daughters of Latitude in *Christendom*.

Pray. Well, but I forgot to enquire of you, whether the Dissenting Party gave any great encouragement to this Project of the Comprehension; for unless they promised to come in, as soon as these Alterations were made, to what purpose was all this trouble taken? They could not be so vain as to imagine

that this conduct would be very acceptable to their own side, and therefore unless they had moral Assurances of bringing over the Dissenters, I think they reckon'd all this while without their Host, not to take notice that they made themselves cheap and contemptible into the bargain.

Hick. What some few of the topping Leaders amongst the Dissenters might promise to do, in case such Alterations were consented to, I cannot resolve you; but as for the generality both of the Pastors and the People, I don't believe they would have boded a foot for the matter. Perhaps to two or three of their chief Levites, a Bishoprick of Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, with a very few Amendments, might have become palatable enough; but as then such choice Blessings could not be distributed to all, and besides were few in number in comparison of more inconsiderable Places; so there's all the reason in the World to conclude, that but very few would have quitted their Station.

Pryn. I am clearly of your opinion; for Interest you know is the great business of all Mankind. The Fanatick Divines for their part follow their own Interest with as zealous an Application as any other Persons; and I am assured, that if they found no advantage in the Comprehension, they would never comply with it.

Hick. 'Tis very apparent that their Interest advised them to continue where they were; and I wonder why the other Party were such Blockheads, as to believe that they should be ever prevailed upon to sacrifice their old beloved Principles: 'twas endeavouring to Hedge the Cuckoe, even according to the Letter. Can you Mr. Pryn believe, that a Man of any tolerable discretion would ever leave his Congregation, where he reigns as absolute as the *Musti* does at *Constantinople*; where he Hangs, Draws and Quarters as he thinks convenient; where he commands the People's Consciences, and consequently their Purses; where he can melt them into Tears as often as he pleases; where he's caressed and treated every day with as much Ceremony, as a young Heir is at the first Moment when he comes to his Estate: Can you believe, I say, that he would quit all these mighty advantages, to come to a Church where he is not secure of meeting half this Respect and Veneration; where his

tall Metaphors and impertinent Harangues will make no impression; where his Theatrical Grimaces will be all exploded; where he must renounce his extempore Talent, and put himself to the severe expence of talking intelligibly, unless there were a certain prospect of a larger Revenue to make him swallow all these mortifying Considerations? No, no, Mr. Pryn the dissenting Ministers are Masters of more Discretion than for the sake of a foolish Complement or two to relinquish their real Interest, and quit so advantageous a Post as they are already placed in.

Pryn. What you have observed of their Divines, may I suppose be as reasonably concluded of the Laity. As matters were ordered in my time, and I believe they are not alter'd since, the Merits of the Separation were but very superficially examin'd by the People; for most of 'em considered that being of that party help'd 'em to a good Trade, and what was more tempting helped 'em to the reputation of Sanctity, with certain hopes of a Saintship into the bargain, and so what wonder is it, if they continued firm to the Interests of that Church, where there was a good Trade, and a good Reputation, and a good Saintship besides to be had at such reasonable pennyworths? Besides there's a certain sort of a titillation, which only those who have experimented it can describe, in refusing to submit to whatsoever is publickly established. Men love to indulge their own humors, and can't indure to have the Government prescribe any rules to 'em. In fine, 'tis the only sign of Discretion and a mature Judgment with some persons to dissent from all Mankind, and carve for themselves. I had almost like to have forgot that when we meet in corners to worship, it looks as if we were the little Flock of the Elect that the heat of Persecution had driven into those retreats; but then all this mighty Zeal and Devotion that is kept alive by sweating and crowding, and being everlastingly bored by our Neighbour's Elbows, would certainly evaporate and expire in a large Church. So upon the whole matter I find no ground to believe that the People wou'd ever have been inclined to leave their old way of Worship, in case their Ministers had forsaken them, and therefore 'tis I confess a surprizing thing to me that the Church of England should ever attempt to new model their Constitution,

when they could propose so little benefit to themselves from doing it.

Hick. They expected, you must understand, to have proselytized the whole body of Dissenters, tho' you and I have sufficiently observed what an unpracticable ill grounded *Chymera* it was, and it would appear a thousand times more impossible to be effected, if we should take a full view of the other Separatists, as Quakers, Independents, Anabaptists, and so forth, whereas we have only been talking about the Presbyterians. But however impracticable the design be, yet those persons who were engaged in the Affair, either believed it to be very feasible, or else they would have persuaded the World that they thought it so. For in order to receive this vast number of People they expected, they were contriving how to enlarge the Church-Porches before-hand; by the same token that I could never hear any mention made of that Project, but it immediately put me in mind of a certain remarkable saying of *Diogenes*.

Pryn. What was that I pray?

Hick. As the story goes, that itinerant Philosopher came by chance to a damaged little raskally Town in Rhodes with a huge swinging pair of Gates to it, so he ran to the Market place, and cries as loud as ever he was able: *Good People lock up your Gates, shut 'em I say immediately, for fear your Town should take a frolick and run out of them.*

Pryn. So you imagined then that if the Church-Porches had been widen'd, the Congregation wou'd have presently run out at the Doors, did you not?

Hick. Why truly Mr. *Pryn* I did, and I don't question but that if the Comprehension had succeeded, I had been found a true Prophet as to this particular. Tho' I wish the design had taken effect, because I pray for the Church's Destruction, and don't know any way so effectual to have produced it as what I am discoursing of, yet I cannot forbear to rail at the Blindness and Indiscretion of those People who laboured so mightily to bring an unavoidable Ruin and Scandal upon themselves. To quit a firm establishment and throw up the Fences of a well compacted Discipline, in order to get a little fulsome popular Applause for a moment, and oblige some of *Johannes*

de Nubibus's wife Relations, was in my opinion as gross a piece of Stupidity, as it wou'd have been in *Sampson*, if he were now alive, to cut off his Hair wherein his Strength depended, and for no other design than to wear a Perruque, and qualify himself for keeping company with the *Beaux* of *Covenant-Garden*.

Mr. Pryn: So it was; but how came the business to miscarry at last?

Hick: Tho' we had several persons of great Interest and Authority that joyn'd with us, and besides the late turn of Affairs seem'd very favourable to put this design in execution, yet the major part were of a different opinion. They pretended, that it was below the Dignity of the Church to alter Establishments for the sake of those People, who had taken care to give the World invincible assurances of their being contented with nothing but a throwing up of the whole. That a Faction within the Church (which they apprehended might arise in case the Comprehension succeeded) was infinitely more dangerous than the Schism without. That if some Concessions were made in favour of one Party, as soon as that was done, another Party might demand to have the like Indulgence shewn to them, and perhaps with as much reason, or at least with as much pretence. In fine, that those Alterations might have very ill Effects with the Members of their own Communion, and oblige them to seek that Steadiness and Constancy in another Church, which they cou'd not find at home. Thus our Plea was over-ruled at last, and that hopeful project which had employed so many sucking, Sermon-printing Authors to recommend it to the World, came unfortunately to nothing, to the great mortification and disappointment of several persons who had amused themselves with no ordinary expectations for their good Services in promoting it. But Sir, if you please, we'll wave this Subject, which gives me abundance of uneasy Thoughts as often as I reflect upon it. — And now honest *Mr. Pryn* let me desire you to inform me, what weighty Concern it is, that has drawn you from the peaceful Mansions of the Dead to revisit the World, was it only to indulge your Curiosity, or is there a private Intreague at the bottom?

Pryn:

Pryn. Nothing of that nature upon my word. I was desirous to know whether Prelacy was abolished, and consequently the whole Train of Superstition banished and discarded; how Affairs stood with the sober godly part of the Nation; and lastly, what were the crying prevailing Sins of the Age. This was the true and only occasion of my journey, and I need not tell you, how far you wou'd oblige me by giving me a full account of all these matters.

Hick. Alas Mr. Pryn, you are come in a very unlucky moment! I am sorry that I have nothing of Consolation to entertain you with. Prelacy was never the darling of the People so much as at present; it is too far own'd and supported by the Government to be ever undermin'd or ruined. Nay, what is the most miserable case of all, it has so conspicuously deserved of the Protestant Interest in general, as well as of the particular Liberty and Property of the Subject, that we cannot attacque it with the least colourable Reproach or Calumny.

Pryn. How! And is it impossible then to trump the old Card of Popery, and so forth, upon them?

Hick. Why, truly Mr. Pryn 'tis even so. We must take our everlasting farewell of that Argument, it will do us no farther service I can assure you. It has been the perpetual cry of the Saints, you know, ever since the Beginning, that when ever a favourable opportunity shew'd it self, the Prelates and all that Party wou'd immediately list themselves in the Service of the Man of Sin.

Pryn. I remember it very well, by the same token, that this asperser did our Cause no inconsiderable service in the late Wars, when we traduced 'em all for being *Babylonishly* affected; by Vertue of which Scandal we made a shift to get an Archbishop sacrificed on *Tower-Hill*, and the whole Fraternity totally extirpated.

Hick. What you say is indeed very true. But alas! I cannot think upon it without considering at the same time how unfortunate we their Posterity are, who cannot presume to perform such glorious Exploits. The only thing we can do, is to make a little Clamor about Prelatical Persecution; but even this pretence vanishes and makes no impression, as soon as People reflect upon the Rigor and iron Yoke of Presbytery, when
by

By the Pious Efforts of the Parliament in Forty Three, it was advanced to the Chair. But as I hinted to you before, we must take our everlasting Farewel of our old dearly beloved Topick of Popery, for we cannot mention it without reproaching our selves to the highest degree, and doing them the greatest Honour in the World.

Pryn. Though I must confess I have an incurable hatred to Episcopacy, as I believe all Persons have that are deeply tinctured with my Principles, yet I cannot forbear to acquaint you, that if what you say is really true, it would oblige me to abate a great deal of my old Severity and Prejudices against them.

Hick. The late King you must understand was a zealous Bigot for the Popish Religion, and endeavour'd by all the ways in the World to introduce it into the Kingdom; and as this Design was not to be executed, considering the posture of Affairs at that time, without making use of an unlimited Arbitrary Power, and carrying the Prerogative to greater heights than any of his Predecessors had done; so the only Obstacle he met with, both in regard to Popery and the Dispensing Power, was from the Established Church. Not a single Pamphlet appeared, either from the *Savoy* or *St. James's*, but immediately all its little Artifices were laid open, and all the Arguments answered with that perspicuity of Thought, that beauty of Language, that variety of Learning, and above all, that respect to the Sovereign then in being, that I, even I, who am a Professed Enemy to the whole Tribe, and hate them as heartily as the Apothecaries hate the Chirurgeons that intrench upon their Trade; yet cannot forbear to do them this undeniable piece of Justice. Nay would you believe it? Seven of the Prelates chose a voluntary Imprisonment, rather than contribute the least either to the introducing of Popery, or the Slavery of their Country; so that that Religion had in a manner abdicated a long time before its Monarch. All this while the Dissenters——

Pryn. — Ay, what did they do? for you know they use to smell Popery at as great a distance as——

Hick. As they say a certain Pecc's Horse can smell Fire.

Pryn.

Pryn. And besides hate Popery and all its wicked Works as mortally.

Hick. As an itinerant begging Levite does Pluralities, or a Gripping old Cit does a Lecture against Oppression. Why all this while, Mr. *Pryn.* the Dissenters sate as mute as a new Sea-Chaplain in an Engagement; and notwithstanding there were every day fresh advances made in behalf of the Romish Religion, yet they seem'd to apprehend the danger of Popery no more, than *Noah* and his Family did the Conflagration, when they were stow'd up in the Ark.

Pryn. You have certainly a Design to amuse me with Impossibilities, for in my time I am sure the Dissenters were another sort of Men; rather than not find Popery some where or another, they could then find it out in *Christmas-Pies* and Plum-Porridge; and rather than not quarrel with Idolatry, they could then quarrel with the Will-worship of May-poles.

Hick. Upon my word, Mr. *Pryn.* 'tis every Syllable true what I have told you; you need not entertain any such ill-grounded a suspicion of me, as to imagine that I would slander them in the least. To reassume my Discourse, I don't know of one single Sheet of Paper that was written either by any of their Divines; or so much as a Lay Elder against the common Adversary; nor did I ever hear of the least inclination they shew'd to oppose Popery by way of Discourse, unless it were a certain Minister of that stamp here in Town, who as often as he mentioned King *James* in his Prayers, very honestly pray'd that he might become the terrour of *Rome*.

Pryn. What? that a Popish King might become the terrour of *Rome*; O Incorrigible Sot! And why not as well that he might become the Scourge of *Constantinople*? Nay why did he not carry his ridiculous Banter farther, and Pray as follows? *Viz.* May he fall foul upon the Skirts of the Great *Adogul*, and confound the Devices of the *Cham* of *Tartary*. May the *Bay* of *Algiers* truckle to him, and the Mad King of *Madagascar* be his most Humble Servant. May his *West-India* Plantations never fail to send his Subjects the best Tobacco, and his *East-India* Factories never fail to send them the best Spice to put in their Botled Ale. All this Stuff might have been as pertinently pray'd

pray'd for, as that a Popish King might become the Terrour of *Rome*. And was this all they did ?

Hick. You shall hear. Instead of encountering our profest Enemies, who were every day gaining ground upon us, the Dissenters employ'd themselves in nothing else but charging the Church of *England* with a Spirit of Persecution, tho' what they suffered was, between Friends I may say it, rather upon the score of an open plain Conspiracy, than for their Religion ; and besides, was not to be named in the same Year with what the Episcopal Party had without any pretence of Equity, suffer'd under their Dominion formerly.

Pryn. These undiscrēt Proceedings gave admirable Sport and Entertainment to the Priests, without question. But pray proceed.

Hick. Shortly after this, the late King for Reasons obvious and evident enough, was pleas'd to issue out a Free Toleration to all his loving Subjects of what Perswasion soever ; and tho' the Dissenters, if they had had but half the Understanding of an Humble-Bee, might have easily perceived the drift and meaning of that Indulgence, yet they either really were, or what is full as stupid, pretended to be altogether insensible of the design. You cannot imagine how dutifully they swallow'd this Bait, tho' it scarce served to cover the Hook. Every *Gazette* was so crouded with their fullsome Addresses, that a Man, unless he had a particular Interest at Court, could scarce prevail to get a stray'd Horse, or a deserting Prentice into the Advertisements. You'd almost have sworn, it had rained Complements for a Twelve month together, as *Livy* says it rained Stones before the *Punic* War ; and such indeed these Complements were, for they prov'd as fatal at last to the deluded Prince, as the Brickbats did to *St. Stephen*. No young fluttering Coxcomb ever deis'd his Mistress after so prodigal a rate, no hungry Poet ever squander'd away so much nauseous Flattery and Rhetorick upon a liberal Patron, as they did upon the mistaken Monarch for his No gift of a Toleration. In short, if they had had all *Arabia* in their hands, it wou'd not have furnish'd them with Incense enough upon this occasion : by their frequent Correspondence with the other Party, they were got too into their Dialect, and so talk'd of nothing else but Oblations and Sacrifi-

ces. And what were their Sacrifices? even those goodly Things called Lives and Fortunes. Tho' by the by, Mr. *Pryn*, they sacrificed them as really, and as much according to the Letter, as the *Roman* Priests do their Saviour in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Pryn. You have perfectly astonished me with your News. Oh the degeneracy of this profligate Age. Their Forefathers I am sure, were Men of another kidney. They cou'd scarce be brought to acknowledge the Lawful Rights of Princes; and here their graceless unworthy Sons pay a servile Adoration to a confess'd Arbitrary Power. —Well, I find, I must make all the hast I can to the other World, to converse again with the Hero's of the last Age; for I have not Patience enough to tarry a moment longer in this.

Hick. Nay, nay, Mr. *Pryn*, prithee don't be so eager. If you'll listen a while, you'll see the Dissenters are not a Pack of such reprobate Creatures, as you concluded them at first to be. The Saints you know may sometimes have their back-slidings, and who can help it: but then the Saints by virtue of a small Repentance, may soon recover their Reputation again in the World. To be short, Mr. *Pryn*, the Dissenters as they are no Raskals, so they are no Fools; they knew better things, than to stand by a Dispensing Monarchy when it came to the trial; they believed, and still believe no more of the *Jure Divino* of King-ship, than they do of the *Jure Divino* of the Alcoran; and tho' they made so many specious repeated Promises of sacrificing you know what, yet to their immortal Honour be it spoken, when they came to consider coolly and soberly of the Matter, they found there was rank Popery in the Word. Indeed, if a Man had not known them, and their Principles somewhat better, he might have been apt to think the same thing of them, as the Gentleman did of a certain Rake-hell of a Levite, whom he found very strenuously declaiming against Leudness, *viz.* that they had been in earnest: but alas, Mr. *Pryn*, they designed nothing in the World but a Jest, a meer Jest, when they made so many Solemn Vows of their Sincerity and Allegiance; and if their Conduct in the late Reign was a little obnoxious to Censure, and so forth; yet by their behaviour under this, they have made a sufficient atonement for it.

Since

Since the late Revolution they have asserted the Deposing Power with as much freedom and vigour, as ever they did between Forty One and the Restauration. The Rights of our Sovereign Lords The People are publickly maintained; and there's ne're a Pulpit-Thrummer of that Character here in the Town, but has as often told his Congregation, That Kings are accountable to the Subject for every miscarriage: as he has whisper'd to the Women, that unless they rifle their Husband's Pockets to pay the Minister, they are to expect nothing but Fire and Brimstone in another World.

Pryn. Why this makes me some amends for what you told me before.

Hick. What is more, Mr. *Pryn*, all the bold publick spirited Pamphlets that visited the World in the late blessed Times of Liberty and Property, have been lately Re-printed, and cried about the Streets; and Scandal, God be thanked, is as much in fashion every where, as Flattery and Dissimulation at the Court, or Cheating in the City, as Whoredom in *Venice*, or an Insensibility for one's Religion in *Holland*. Secret Histories are as ready Money to the godly Booksellers, as a secret Reserve of Claret to the Vintner. The Covenant begins to regain its credit with the World, and a Commonwealth, or what is the same, a precarious Monarchy, is not talked of so disrespectfully as formerly. Nay, rather than want Scandal to furnish our Customers with, we have travelled as far as *Scotland* to provide ourselves of so precious a Commodity, and now we have enough upon our hands to supply all the Markets in Christendom. Not to be tedious with you, Mr. *Pryn*, the Dissenters are the very same Men as to this particular concern, as ever they were; and tho' as in Interest bound, they pretend to have the greatest veneration imaginable for their present Majesties, yet to keep them in awe, and make them mindful of their Stewardship, they treat their Royal Predecessors with as little Ceremony, and as much Freedom, as a Man would a common Porter or Scavenger in the Streets. Their private Failings and Infirmities have been exposed to the World as publickly as the Votes of the House, and what never fails to be done upon such occasions, they have lost nothing at all in the relation.

Pryn. That I believe. And now, Sir, let me tell you, this latter part of your Discourse has as it were revived me, if a Ghost may be allowed to use such an expression. The truth on't is, I have in the other World heard most of the things you have been pleas'd to relate to me ; but then the account of Affairs that we have below is so very uncertain, and withal reported so differently, according to the particular genius and inclination of the Relator, that one cannot tell whom to believe, or what News to depend upon. This was partly the occasion why I impos'd upon myself this troublesome Journey; and I shall always reckon myself indebted to my good Stars, for giving me the opportunity to satisfy all my Doubts, from the Conversation of so worthy a Person as yourself, whose Sincerity I have no more reason to question, than I have to deny the great Obligations of your Civility to a Stranger.

Hick. Oh fie, Mr. *Pryn* ! I must desire you to forbear these Complements. I vow to God, you'll make me blush now, if you advance 'em any farther upon your humble Servant.

Pryn. Indeed I must needs own, it rejoices me exceedingly to hear that our old Friends have not apostatized from their Ancient Principles and Tenets about Government ; but what troubles me at the same time is, that they have dropt the old Pretence and Charge of Popery, which is to my knowledge, the best Jewel they have in their Crown. Their Ancestors I am confident wou'd sooner have renounced their *Magna Charta*, and *Hopkins* into the bargain, than have parted with so advantageous, and so popular a Calumny. I remember those blessed Times, and the remembrance of 'em is the greatest entertainment I have to relieve all my pensive Moments in the Shades below, when every thing in the World that was displeasing and offensive to the Brethren, went under the Name of horrid, abominable Popish Superstition. Organs and Maypoles, Bishops Courts and the Bear-Garden, Surplices and Long Hair, Cathedrals and Play-Houses, Set Forms and painted Glass, Founts and Apostles Spoons, Church-Musick and Bull-baiting, Alar-Rails and Rosemary on Brawn ; nay, Fiddles, Whifson-Ale, Pig

Pig at Bartholomew-Fair, Plum-porridge, Puppet-shows, Carriers Bells, Figures in Gingerbread, and at last *Moses* and *Aaron*, the Decalogue, the Creeds, and the Lord's Prayer——

Hick. Pass'd all for antichristian carnal Devices, Rags of Popery, Things of human Invention, set up by the Man of Sin to scandalize the Saints, and pervert the unstable.

Pryn. You say right; and so was every thing you can name, except a black Sattin Cap.

Hick. Because it savoureth of Graviry.

Pryn. A Sack-posses.

Hick. For lo! it encourageth the Minister in his Ministry.

Pryn. A Surloyn of Beef.

Hick. Because the Saints are verily gross Feeders.

Pryn. A long Cloak.

Hick. Because, like Charity, it covereth a multitude of Sins.

Pryn. A long Prayer.

Hick. Because Widdows and Orphans are not palatable without 'em.

Pryn. A long Allegory.

Hick. For behold it is very refreshing to the White Aprons. Likewise except long Ears, Mr. *Pryn.* There I think I have bobbed you. (Aside.)

Pryn. An Extempore Sermon.

Hick. Because Extempore Nonsense, is more excusable than studied Nonsense.

Pryn. An Ordinance of Both Houses.

Hick. Because a King is virtually included in them.

Pryn. A fat Capon and a Bag-pipe.

Hick. Because the one is a Geneva Dish, and the other a Scotch Covenanting Instrument. Lastly, Mr. *Pryn.*, to sum up all the Evidence together, because we wou'd not lose time, except Committee-Men and Lay-Elders, Battle and Murder, Free Quarter and Famine, Sequestrations and Decimations, Compositions and Monthly Excise: And all this was but necessary and requisite, in order to humble the Prophane, to mortifie the Ungodly, and pull down the Pride of the wicked Malignants; that so being sequestred from the Vanities of this World,

World, they might have nothing else to mind, but how to lick themselves whole in another.

Pryn. Then my dear Friend, we carried on the blessed Work of the Reformation, as far as Zeal inspired with Interest could carry it. We reformed the Almanacks, new Christen'd the Festivals, Unlainted the Apostles, set the Chimes to Psalm-Tunes, and gutted the Bible of the Service-Book and Apocrypha. A Crown, a Cross, an Angel and Bishop's Head could not be endured, so much as in a Sign. Our Garters, Bellows, and Warming-Pans wore godly Motto's, our Band-boxes were lined with wholesome Instructions, and even our Trunks with the Assembly-mens Sayings. Ribbons were converted to Bible-strings.

Hick. And so were Graces to Long-Prayers, and Churches to Stables.

Pryn. Nay, in our Zeal we visited the Gardens and Apothecaries Shops. So *Unguentum Apostolicum* was commanded to take a new Name, and besides, to find Security for its good behaviour for the future. *Cardum Benedictum, Angelica, St. Johns sauer*, and our Ladies Thistle were summoned before a Clasp, and forthwith ordered to distinguish themselves by more sanctified Appellations. Thus by the plausible appearance of our great Piety, and our zealous Performances in rooting out Popery and Superstition, we got an absolute ascendant over the Hearts of the People, and managed them just as we pleased. But alas, these Golden Times are clearly gone, and I am afraid we are to expect 'em no more.

Hick. I told you before, *Mr. Pryn*, 'tis to no purpose to charge the Church of *England* with any more Popery. What they did in the late Reign has made such an effectual impression upon every body, that so ridiculous a Calumny is never to be used, at least as long as this Generation is alive. Besides, to tell you the truth, the People are somewhat wiser in this Age, than to take every thing for Popery, which a formal Thing in a little Band, and a black Cloak calls by that Name.

Pryn. Why then we must bethink ourselves of some other expedient. I remember a pleasant Story of a Fellow in my time, that had a Show at a Fair, so it seems the business in hand required a little Snow: says the Master of the Booth to the Fel-

low that managed Affairs behind the Curtain, *Why don't you Snow there?* Sir, says the Fellow aloud to him, all the White Paper's gone. *Why then you Blockhead,* cries the Master, *Snow in some Brown Paper.* And therefore Mr. Hick—, since the old Clamour about Popery will be no longer serviceable to us, let us conjure up something else to promote our Cause.

Hick. That's well enough considered. And who so fit to draw up the Indictment against the Prelatick Party, as the experienced Mr. Pryn? Your Talent I am sure lies in Scandal, and unless the other World has alter'd you for the worse, you are not unprovided of Malice to encourage you to do it.

Pryn. What think you then, if we should tax 'em with Ignorance, and want of Learning?

Hick. It would do very well, I confess, if you cou'd but persuade the Booksellers to burn all the Books and Sermons they have Printed within these twenty Years; for those are like to be so many speaking Evidences against us: and then you must be sure to clap a Padlock upon most of the Conventicles here in Town; for if our Enemies should take occasion to peep in there, 'tis ten to one, but they'll return the Charge back again upon those that began it; There's first of all Mr. Burg-~~ess~~, yonder in *Covent-Garden*, must be desired to hold his Peace; for you can't imagine how strangely People talk of him, for the freedom he uses in his Pulpit, and particularly saying, a Sunday or two ago, *That our Saviour was the Second Edition of God Almighty's Will with Amendments.* Then we must likewise silence poor Mr. Mayow, at *Colledge-Hill*, he that in the Days of Yore held a Brew-house in *Commendam* with a Conventicle, by the same Token that the Ungodly rail'd at him for keeping Pluralities, not knowing that the Saints ought to have *Grains of Allowance* given 'em. And lastly the zealous Mr. *Timothy Cresser* must be serv'd after the same manner, a plain unaffected Preacher, 'tis true, and one that values himself as much upon the score of his being unacquainted with the Fathers, as a jealous *Cheapside* Cit hugs himself for being unacquainted with any of the borrowing Courtiers. He was haranguing the other day about the late Rapes, and told his Auditory, *That so manifold and sundry were the Rapes committed in and about the Town, that it looked as if the great Enemy of Mankind the Devil, had sown the City with Rape-seed.*

This

This has sunk his Reputation somewhat in the World. There are several others in the same predicament with these; but it wou'd be as troublesome to enlarge upon their Characters, as to acquaint you with all the variety of Night-Caps, Flannel Shirts, Waistcoats, Doublets, and Upper-Coats a certain Noble Peer wears in the Winter.

Pryn. I find by what you have told me, it will not be so very convenient to muster up the Charge of Ignorance. But what say you now to the old Imputation of Debauchery and Profaneness.

Hick. I am afraid, Mr. *Pryn*, this same business will do us a little service as the former, 'tis a two-edged Sword, and cuts either way. We still call ourselves indeed, the sober godly part of the Nation; for the same reason, I suppose, as the Kings of *England* stile themselves Kings of *France*, viz. because our Forefathers were so: But they, a shame take 'em for it, wore their Hypocrisie to Rags, and so their Sons were cheated of their Inheritance, and have only the Name to boast of. A pious Sister can now pass by a Church, even when the Organ is playing, and yet fall into no Fits, or be discomposed at the matter: And a moody Brother can ride his Horse by a May Pole, and yet the insensible Beast never starts, or offers to throw his Master; even singing of Psalms in private Families is as much out of fashion, as paying of Debts with the Men of *Alsatia*; a Man may go through the *Poultry*, or any of the most sanctified Streets about the Town a hundred times, and hear none of the comfortable Poetry of *Sternhold*, and *Wisdom*. Lay-Eklers send their Daughters to Dancing-Schools, and their Sons wear Long Hair, and set up for Sparks of the Town. 'Tis a sad observation, Mr. *Pryn*, but a very true one, that as a Miser generally begets a Prodigal, so a Saint begets a Rake-hell.

Pryn. Alas, I am sorry to hear it, and is there then ne're a publick spirited Son of Thunder in the whole Tribe, that has Courage and Hardiness enough to lash the degeneracy of the Age, and awake People to a sense of their Duty?

Hick. No Mr. *Pryn*, since you left the Earth, we have been destitute of such brave, fiery, resolute Patriots. There is indeed one Mr. *Stephens* a *Poultry*-Author, that has very lately attempted something of this nature, but through his too zealous management

of the Affair it happen'd to miscarry. He propos'd to the Parliament, to have the beginning or pledging of a Health, punish'd with the same Penalty, as he sets upon Swearing, which is the precise Sum of twenty shillings, and in case of disability, to have those notorious Offenders put in the Stocks and whipt. So likewise, for any one that should presume to keep an Organ in a Publick House, to be fined 20 l. and made incapable of being an Ale-draper for the future. But Mr. St— did not think this punishment was sufficient for 'em, so he humbly requested to have 'em excommunicated into the bargain, and not to be absolv'd without doing Publick Penance.

*Reflections upon
the Discharges
of the Navy.
Printed by J.
Hatch.*

Pryn. And did so pious a Project as this come to nothing do you say.

Hick. 'Tis very true, Mr. *Pryn*, it was nipt in the bud. Not to be tedious with you, there are none of the Dissenters that make any tolerable pretence to their ancient Austerity but the Quakers, and even they begin to decline by degrees from their primitive Institution. They still make a shift to retain their distinguishing Garb, their little Cravats, broad-brim'd Hats, short Hair, and Coats without Pockets before; but as for the rest of the Separatists, they have clearly lost all their Ear-marks; you may meet with twenty and twenty of 'em in the Streets, and yet not be able to distinguish 'em from the prophane part of Mankind, by any exterior appearances. And to say the truth, their Forefathers are to be blamed for it; they wore their Hypocrisie, as they say a *Welch-man* wears a Shirt, till it drop off from their shoulders; they did not leave Hypocrisie, but Hypocrisie left them.

Pryn. Well, I should utterly despair of ever hearing that Presbytery wou'd make a figure again in the World, unless it were for some comfortable News that I have learn'd of a *Scotch* Ghost in the other World. He inform'd me of the miraculous Turn of Affairs in that Kingdom, how Episcopacy was abolished, and Christianity in its *pura naturalibus* set up in the room of it; and what is yet more material, how the Covenant, the Covenant of blessed Memory is still looked upon as obligatory. So I am in good hopes our dear Brethren there will cross the

Twice, one of these days, to remove the accursed thing, to propagate the Cause, and establish the great Works of Righteousness and Truth.

Hick. Take my word for't, Mr. *Pryn*, that Turn of Affairs, as you call it, in *Scotland*, is not so much for our advantage as you imagine. For my part, I'm so far from thinking it will contribute any thing to our Interest, that on the other hand, I fear it has broke the Neck of our Reputation, or rather of our Juggling. They have carried on the Reformation in that Kingdom with so much heat and rigour, not to call it cruelty, that altho' their Brethren of the same Perswasion here in *England* have made a horrid noise about the persecuting Spirit of the Established Church, and daily talk of Moderation, and giving Quarter to those of a different Religion; yet 'tis breath foolishly spent, for every body believes they wou'd Copy from their dear Brethren of *Scotland*, if ever they shou'd arrive to have the Power in their hands. Such an ill favour'd Accident as this happen'd in the late Reign: The Jesuits were willing to wipe off some of the most popular Scandal from Popery, so they prevail'd with the King to grant Liberty of Conscience to all his Subjects, and then they fell a magnifying the Charity and Bowels of the Church of *Rome*, after a wonderful manner. At the same time those of the Society in *France*, were playing the Devil at the expence of the poor *Hugonets*; so it was a very comical Scene to observe with what flourish the Priests recommended Love and Unity, and Forbearance to us here at home, when there daily came over such shoals of *French* Refugees to contradict every Syllable they said; and 'tis no small diversion to our Enemies without doubt, to hear our Dissenting Parsons talk of Peaceableness and Gentleness, and the Lord knows what, when our streets are crouded with so many of the Episcopal Clergy of the other Kingdom, whom the Presbyterian Moderation has forced to seek their Bread in another Climate. — But

David J--- stay, who comes here, 'tis one of my own Cloath
appears. I perceive. I'll say that for him, he's a brave lusty well-built Fellow. But he mutters with himself, like a bilked Coach-man, or a disappointed Projector, and looks as fierce and furious as if he had some strange design or other upon *Daniel* and the *Revelations*.

David

David. What to be thus ridicul'd and affronted, for the sake of an innocent well-meaning Sermon! to be cross and tost from *Dollers-Commons* to *Fulham*, and at last to have an Ecclesiastical Padlock set upon my Mouth, 'tis hard, nay barbarous, nay Paganish, and Unchristian.

Pryn. What does the Fellow mean, I wonder.

David. When sins do once begin to grow to an head, and to become in fashion, they are to be roughly and severely dealt withal. An ordinary concern in such a case, Page 8. of his is no better than silence, and silence in such a case Sermon. is no better than down-right flattery. And to hold our Peace in such a case is all one, as to cry aloud, Peace, peace.

Pryn. That is as much as to say, 'tis all one to speak, and to say nothing. This young Sir Roger, I perceive, besides his other laudable Qualities, has a pretty Talent at quibbling.

David. But people will say, Alas poor Man! These Times will never bear it. But to these I answer, These Times will, and must, and shall bear it, if I say the word. Page 9.

Iniquity, let it be distinguish'd by what Titles it will, shall feel the severity of my Indignation, and Prelates shall learn by my Example, what Vices to lash, and what Sins to preach against.

Hick. Bravely resolved, I protest: He's one of us, I perceive, Brother *Pryn*, I faith I long to be acquainted with him.

David. To think that a little foolish Admonition wou'd prevail with me so far, as to make me neglect my Duty, and the Salvation of Souls! 'twas meer stuff. No, I'll roar against Sin louder than *Enochydon* in the *Astr*, I'll bestride the *Dragon* upon *Bow*, and from thence denounce Perdition and Desolation to the whole City.

Hick. Nay, now I begin to melt. Something within whispers me, that this young *Boanerges* and I were cast in the same Mold. 'Tis a tough brawny fighting Carkle I warrant him, he'd make you nothing of a dozen Porters or Water-men at a time. I wish I had him at *Colchester* to read Prayers, and fight my Battels for me.

David. All Mankind is my Diocess, and every particular Sin subject to my Visitation: Before the Courtiers I'll preach against false Promises, and no Payments, Before the Town-

Ladies, against hiring a Friend to joyne 'em, with some noted Gallant in a Lampoon, and carrying their Patch-Boxes, and Pocket-Looking glasses to Church. Before the Foot-Guards, against building of Sconces, and rubbing out of Milk-rooms, Before the *Beaux* of *Covent-Garden*, against Lamblacking of Signs, and bilking Hackney-Coaches. Before the Poets—

Hick It you can get 'em into the Church, I suppose, otherwise not.

David Against stealing from one another, flattering their Patrons, and shamming their Book-sellers. Before *Porters*, against Whipping the Snake, and squandering away their precious time at *Putt*, and *All-Fours*.

Pryn Just of my own humour and inclination, I vow. I can scarce forbear interrupting him.

David Thus I'll discharge my indispensable Duty, *without all fear or favour* [p. 10.] I'll reprove the Lawyers for prolonging their Law-Suits; the Physicians for prolonging their Cures, the Vintners for selling Claret for Barcelona, and the City-Aldermen for forgetting their Leather-Breeches.

Hick I find he'll make his words good. Hell visit all Mankind before he has done.

David Merchants shall find the severity of my wrath, for their taking 20 per Cent. Military Officers for making false Musters; the City-Justices for conniving at Fornication in *Sutton*, and punishing it in *Grape*; Chamber-Maids for telling Tales behind their Master's back; Gentlemen-Ushers for carrying such small pitiful Legs about them, to the great scandal of their Ladies, as if they had drained 'em. School-masters for suffering their Boys to be meer *Arrians* in Grammar, and confound the Three Persons; the two Universities for neglecting *Aristotle*, and preferring Men of no merit; and lastly Divines for a whole Cart-load, nay a Multitude, nay an Ocean of—

Hick I can hold no longer an I were to be hang'd. He has won the heart of me for ever. Worthy Sir, I am your most humble Servant. My Friend and I here made bold to over-hear your Discourse, and are perfectly ravish'd to find, that there is a young Man of such rare integrity, and boldness in the Nation, from whom we are to expect such Miracles and Prodiges.

David Sir, you are both Strangers. I don't understand how ———

Hick

Hick. Come, come, dear Heart, I know thy meaning as well as if I had been in the Belly of thee. Thou wast going to tell us, that thy Parts do not lie much in Complimenting; no more do mine. I'll assure thee. Why, Child, I am of the same kidney with thy dear self. I am as gruff, and testy, and proud, and ill-natur'd a Fellow as thou cou'dst wish for. But to let thee see, my young *Drawcansir*, that thou art not fallen into bad Company, that is the Ghost of the famous *William Pryn*, and I am the no less famous *Hick* — of *Colechester*.

David. Oh the unexpected Happiness that my good Fortune has thrown upon me! That I shou'd be so happy, as to meet with two such celebrated Persons at a time. And art thou then the Ghost of the indefatigable, irrefragable, invincible *Mr. Pryn*, for whose Writings and other Vertues I have ever had so great a veneration.

Pryn. The very same, dear Sir: and I shall not think my Journey into this World ill bestow'd, since it has furnished me with the opportunity of seeing so accomplish'd a Person.

David. And art thou likewise the puissant, Polemic Divine of *Colechester*, *Edm. Hick* — by Name, with Heart of Oak, and Lungs of Leather? Oh thou true Mirror of Ecclesiastical Chivalry!

Hick. I am he, my Noble Son of Thunder, for want of a better. And shant we have one civil touch at Flisy-cuffs, or so, before we part. Odd I long mightily to exercise my hand. But dear Rogue, we'll only batter one another in jest.

Pryn. Well Sir, I hope you are satisfied with your Company. Not to amuse you then with any farther Ceremonies, which is always needless and impertinent amongst Friends, I would willingly be acquainted with your present Condition and Circumstances. You may assure your self, I shall ever be ready to do you what Service I can, which is to give you a good Character before-hand, in the other World; and as for my Friend there, I don't question but he'll employ all his Interest for you, whenever he's favoured with an opportunity.

Hick. Ay, ay, you may swear I'll do him all the kindness I can. I'll make a Dean, a Bishop, an Arch-deacon, the Lord knows what of thee, one of these days, my dear Lad. Tho' may Small-beer, and no Brandy be my portion, if I have Interest enough to help him to any higher Preferment, than to be Chaplain to a Market-Boat.

Aside.

David.

David. Truly Gentlemen, I take you both for a couple of civil virtuous Persons. Men of my own complexion and temper, and therefore shall not conceal the least material passage of my Life from you. — To begin then, *Wales* is my Native Country.

Hick. I am glad to hear it, my bold *Britain*, with all my heart. Unless my Memory fails me, we are indebted to that place for *Pelagius*, and the more modern *Martin Mar-Prelate*, besides thy heroick self.

David. *Oxford* the Scene of my Education, where I have still a small foolish Trifle, which another Man perhaps wou'd value, but I hate and despise. At present my Residence is in *London*, where I design two things: First, To put in for the next vacant *Lecture*, or *Reader's* place; and Secondly, in order to that, To rail and bellow at all the visible and invisible Vices in the Nation.

Hick. Very politickly contriv'd, dear Heart. But may I make so bold with you, as to enquire, why the University is not honoured with your Company; especially, since to use your own expression, you have a certain Trifle there, which one wou'd think, might oblige you to continue upon the spot, a year or two longer.

David. Sir, you have put a question to me, which it goes somewhat against the grain to answer; but since I promised to conceal nothing from you, I must tell you then, that my Life was so very uneasy to me there, that I wou'd much rather chuse to live in *Green-Land* or a *Tobacco-Plantation*, than in the University.

Fryn. And what might be the occasion of that, my dearly beloved Son.

David. Nothing in the World as I know of, but only my plain dealing humour; for if a Doctor or so chanced to preach a dull Sermon, I cou'd not forbear to quarrel with him upon that score: or, if a Head of a House prefer'd an undeserving Fellow, I was sure to make all the Coffee-Houses in the Town ring with the News; or if a Professor made a publick Speech, 'twas ten to one but I found out either false Latin, or no Philosophy in it; or if such a Man used to take his Bottle of Wine before he went to Bed, why 'tis very likely I tax'd him with the Sin of Drunkenness. In short, there was nothing acted in the University, either

of a publick or private nature, but I according to the open frankness of my humour, made bold to examine, and generally to find fault with. The great Men there, were too much conceited of themselves, to consult my Advice, and so let 'em share the blame amongst 'em. But 'twas none of my fault, I daily told 'em of their Duty.

Hick. A very free plain-dealing sort of a temper this, as one may say. But to pursue the Discourse, how hast thou spent thy time since, thou'st been Apparent to my Prowess, and Fortitude.

David. After a year or two's continuance in the Country, I removed to London, where I presum'd I might have a fairer opportunity of shewing my Parts, than *Wales* could afford. Here I have preached for some time, as often as my Friends would accommodate me with a Pulpit, and tho' I say it, that should not, not without the general approbation of the People here in the City. But now I am afraid I must take my last Farewell of Preaching, for I can prevail with no body almost to lend me a Pulpit. They are as afraid of lending it.

Hick. As a Citizen is of lending his Wife to a Courtier. And sayst thou so dear Heart! 'tis no great matter. I have engag'd any of the Conventicles here in Town, wou'd be glad to receive a Youth of such commendable Qualities. But prithee, how comes it about, that People are so shy to venture thee in their Pulpits.

David. The same frank open humour that made me so remarkable at *Oxford*, has attended me to this City. So if the Clergy-man for whom I preach was famous for his Talent of Oratory, and so forth, I never fail'd to wipe him for preaching up himself, and turning the Pulpit into a Rostrum: nor if he was a Noble-man's Chaplain, and visited the Court but once a Month, he was sure to be chastised for degrading the Royal Priesthood, for serving Tables, and ascending downwards to Temporal Judicatures [pag. 14.]

Hick. A very ingenious Expression that of. *Ascending downwards to Temporal Judicatures.*

David. Well then, this is all, upon my word, Gentlemen.

Hick. And enough in Conscience. But after this open, free-hearted manner (as *Erasmus* tells us) the Mendicant Friars were used to serve the Secular Clergy. If the Parish Priest, of whom they begged a Nights Lodging, was so civil as to break the

the Saturday-Fast for their Sakes, and give 'em a fat Capon for Supper, to be sure these plain-dealing People require him in the Morning for his Hospitality, and acquainted the whole Congregation with the story of the Capon.

David. I have likewise disoblged my Brethren with a Sermon that I lately printed; but let 'em say what they please, I am sure there's nothing in it, which a conscientious honest Man may be ashamed to own. Stay, let me see, I think I have a couple of 'em or more in my Pocket. Mr. Pryn, will you condescend to accept so small a Trifle from your Humble Admirer? Here's another for you, Mr. Hick.

Hick. Hold, what have we here? A Sermon preached at Christ Church, London, Nov. 2. 1699. By David Jones, Student of Christ Church in Oxford. What have we more still in the Title-page? Published at the Request of his Friends. Nay then it cannot fail to be an Excellent one indeed: But pray, Sir, what may be the drift, the meaning, and the design of your Sermon?

David. To make all the Clergy men odious and contemptible to the Laity. 'Tis no more than what they deserve, you know.

Hick. Why then your Friends, at whose Request it was published, are, I suppose, the Dissenters, or some who would not be sorry to see all the Parsons in the Kingdom turned out of all, and reduc'd to Beggery.

David. 'Tis an universal, bold-spirited Satyr, and touches the whole Fraternity one way or other. *Imprimis,* 'Tis a Satyr against Eloquence.

Hick. I love thee dearly for that: For I hate Eloquence in a Sermon as heartily as I do a Citation from *Doctors-Commons*. I will certainly make thee Heir to my old, trusty, serviceable Cane, and my more serviceable Concordance for this.

David. In the next place, 'tis a Satyr against Pluralities and Non-Residence.

Hick. Well, I must needs say this, we pitiful sorry Rascals, that have either no Benefice at all, or what is as bad, a very small one, rail at Pluralities with the best grace of any man breathing: And thus we rail at Eloquence in other People, because we are not Masters of it our selves.

Pryn. This

Pryn. This same Glamour about Pluralities was ever used by the Saints, tho' when they came to get the Power in their hands they practised it themselves. For I remember honest Mr. Marshall inveighed very furiously against this sin, even when he carried three Steeples in his Pocket, as the wicked Malignants observed.

Hick. However I commend thee dear Heart for Preaching against Pluralities here in *England*, and not in thy own Country; for tho' it may be a sin here, 'tis not so I am confident in *Wales*. If holding of two Benefices, where one of 'em does not afford a competent Maintenance, is no Crime at all, then in *Wales* a Man may tack half a Diocese together, and yet not be charged with holding Pluralities. A dozen Vicaridges there, even with the *Sunday* advantage of a Bear and a Fiddle, will scarce keep the Minister, especially if he is married.

David. Lastly, 'Tis a Satyr against Eating or Drinking in a Lord's Family, but especially against Pride.

Pryn. And that is a sin, under the Rose be it spoken, which we Reformers are as much guilty of, as any Men in the Universe. But my dear Son, are there no civil touches at Ceremonies and Superstition, and Altars in your Discourse.

Hick. Hold Mr. Pryn, that's no civil Question. You know the old saying, *Nemo repente fuit*, and so forth. Come, come, *Rome* was not built in a day, a Man must have time to refine and cultivate himself; Mr. *J-nes* is a young Man, and one of these days will have a sting at all those paw things you have named; if he has not done it already. I think he has given us enough in all Conscience for one single Sermon.

Pryn. Nay, there I close with you. The Sermon by what account we have heard of it, is a very commendable worthy Sermon, and so great a value have I for it, that as soon as ever I arrive at the other World, I design to communicate it to all my choice Acquaintance there.

David. That will be an extraordinary Honour I can assure you. Here's another of 'em for you, and pray present it from me, to my Country-man *Pelagius*.

Hick. And when your hand is in, you may tell him, That the Author of it will make as great a bustle in the world as ever he did.

Pryn. You need not question but I'll perform my Message very

punctually. And now my dear Son (for by that Name I must call you for the future) to make you some small amends for this kind voluntary Gift of a Sermon that you have made me, I will make bold to give you a little Advice ; 'tis all I can do at present for you ; and to make it find the greater welcome with you, I must in the first place tell you, that 'tis the very same Advice that a late famous Assembly-man gave to a Nephew of his, a little before his going into the Vineyard.

David. With all my heart, honoured Sir, I shall listen to it with a great deal of attention.

Pryn. It was a constant saying with this Assembly-man, That it was the principal part of a Divine's Office, to know how to manage Hell well.

David. Manage Hell well ! In the Name of Wonder what did he mean by it.

Pryn. You shall hear. As this learned Gentleman well observed, Hell consists chiefly in two Punishments, Roasting and Freezing, and a Minister ought to take special care when to terrify the People with Roasting, and when with Freezing. For instance, says he : Suppose a Man in the heat of Summer, when we sweat and drip, and are ready to faint away, should talk of the freezing or gnawing of Teeth that is in Hell, People wou'd be apt to conclude 'tis no such uncomfortable place as they imagined, but mistake it for a Grotto : And then again in the midst of Winter, if he should indiscreetly talk of roasting and firing, they would certainly think it neither better nor worse than a Bagnio. By this means Hell wou'd lose most of its terror, and terror, according to the Doctrine of the Triclers, is the first motive of a Man's Conversion. Therefore, Nephew, says he, whenever you preach, that you may frighten your Auditors into a true apprehension of the Torments of the other World, be sure you always apply your Roasting in the Summer, and your Freezing in the Winter.

Hick. Very pretty Advice upon my word. But not to be behind hand with my Brother *Pryn*, pray take a little Advice from me too. You tell us, my young *Drawcansir*, that you have a design upon some Preferment here in the City ; and 'tis a very laudable design I own : So you may rail at the Bishops and the Clergy till your heart akes, and the City will take thee for a Che-

Cherubim incarnate. But then hark you in my ear, not a word of Rebellion or Oppression, or cheating or gripings, or devouring of Widdows, or swallowing of Orphans, as you love your self; not one single Syllable of all this, do you mind me.

David. Well Gentlemen, I thank you heartily for your good Advice, which to say the truth, comes very seasonably at present, to support me under the heavy load of my Afflictions. Not to make a tedious recital of my Misfortunes, no Man has suffered more than myself, and less deserved it.

Hick. Fie, fie, my Son of Thunder, You a Sufferer? You an Alderman as well; What it may come to in time, if you still preserve your virtuous Principles, I can't tell: But alas! what you have already suffer'd, does not deserve a mentioning. What! you have been ill spoken of, I warrant; And have not all your Predecessors in the Noble Army of Reformers been abused *that way* ten times more than *yourself*? Or has an Ecclesiastical Padlock, as *you* call it, been clapt upon *your* Mouth? Why 'tis easily removed with a little sham Repentance. You had no Estate to lose, and no Preferment to forfeit. Therefore if ever you talk of Sufferers, then talk of me, and my Brother *Pryn* there.

Pryn. Nay, now *you* are out of *your* Road, Brother *Hick*. You are not to be named in the same *Year* with *myself*, as to the point of Suffering. The utmost *you* underwent was a small Confinement and a small Suspension, Things really not fit to be call'd Sufferings in any Language. Whereas I was fined and imprisoned, and to compleat my Losses, lost my Ears at length.

Hick. What *you* say is very true. *You* lost *your* Ears indeed; But what of all that? You made the poor Arch-bishop that ordered em to be cut off, to lose his Head, and was not that a sufficient Recompence? For *my* own part, I protest to *you* (and I dare swear the young Reformer is of *my* mind) that if I could have half that Revenge upon a certain Prelate that shall be nameless, I could willingly submit to lose *my* Ears, nay, and be circumcised into the *bargain*.

Pryn. That may be. But *my* time is now expired, and I can tarry no longer. Continue *steadfast* to your Principles. Farewell Brother *Hick*: dear Son Adieu.